

AS DAY ALIGHTS

POEMS

EMMA MNAYA-BUZY

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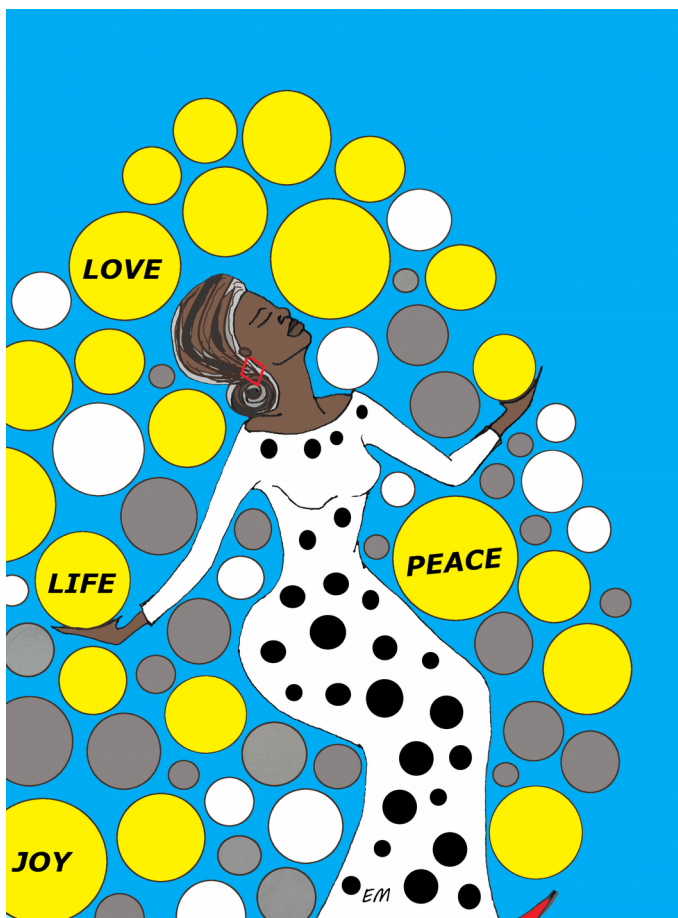
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GRATITUDE

In 1999, words came wobbling towards me, planted their grain, and now sprout voluntarily from a small feeble root, thus commencing my safari to the land of words. This partial migration has been a source of energy, constant inspiration and pleasure. Closely knit to this source is the highest frequency of all, LOVE. Gratitude to generous individuals who continue to positively influence the world we live in, through their various visionary contributions.



Love is the building block of all things.

As day Alights

The day alights with firm conviction,
the noon with fright details my patience
upon raised toes, I skip with tension,
blue moon, ignite.

My kanga gown alerts attention,
fair curves that flow a memory making
my hair a crown, tight curls expressing,
I glide the night.

my love alights, the stars start cooing
the moon ignites, his touch imploring,
our hearts unite, like wings they flutter,
our love takes flight.

My life's delight, my song most precious
by him my sights, are more than gracious
upon his arm, my pride's contagious,
our time is right.

We glide the night, like doves sky soaring,
by candlelight, our souls are glowing
the night departs a morn is crowing
as day alights.



Kinu

Rough hands wrapped tight the elongated pestle,
arms raised high, then dropped forcefully,
altering the structure of the swirling grains.

The dried maize swirled, trembled,
the transparent protective coat breaking away,
Thump, thump, thump.

The wooden mortar vibrated, smoothed by
regular pounding, stroked by grain
and leaf, reducing the latter to a pulp,
a dusty savanna or a vivid, torrid green.
A splendid dish that faithfully accompanies
Stiff porridge on heavy-duty, trying days.

Pearls of sweat balm her feverish forehead,
Her heaving chest straps firm a lolling infant
To her rocking back.
A staccato escapes her stretched-sealed lips,
Thump, thump, thump.

The red earth under the kinu,
Softens, then scatters.
Chin raised, taught sealed lips part,
A high-pitched song accompanied the rocking
Kinu,
Thump, thump, thump.

Quivering Light

Light has dawned,
a blind man beholds the moon.

Lovers stroll, entwined in selfless plight.
darkness is sheared,
envy vanishes,
vexation propels shades of blue
to an orange mandarin.

Doors burst,
tax collectors succumb to wild frenzy,
bank notes trail the judge's childish wig.
A president's eloquence is praised,
the heat wave
marks the brave insane.

Light has dawned,
an early cacophony smothers the night shift,
windows spread to the arousal.

Gemini genders embrace
the silky dissolving darkness,
phosphorous,
in streaks of quivering light.

A Passing Wave Of Time

Morning awakes,
Sun arrows spear a drowsy mind.
Day light clings, yesterday's dry dreams
Dent a fluffy pillow at rest.

Crawling vehicles navigate,
Centipedes and articulating caterpillars,
Exhaust and multi-colored sheen.

Agitated pedestrians quiver, Jello detaching
a chilled plastic mold.

Bare feet stretch,
wriggling toes expose to sun rays.
A day is born,
diced fresh cucumber,
balsamic trickles a pool of dark sweetness,
stripped orange crescents,
gay smiles and ground coffee beans,
perform a morning ritual.

A clock chimes,
sirens declare persistence,
two pointers indicate
a passing
wave of time.

A Windowsill In São Paulo

Perched on an elegant window sill
a Siamese cat licks clean a coffee-dusted paw,
five floors wade beneath
It's naturally mowed mane.

Concrete drawers hang wide open,
balconies roof miniature chequered tiles,
an array of potted variations display
colour and expensive taste.

A Siamese joins its image,
cocoa powdered ears peer ahead
purring silent delicate demands.

Twin teasing tails curl luxuriously,
airily, smoky swirls switching
Farewell ties.

Way below, a spotted Jack Russell
scatters miniature trots, vehemently opposes
the nagging leash, inhibiting a gallop
grand and gallant.

The Siamese adopt the sphinx position as
a pale Venetian blind smoothly descends,
shading the felines' favourite polished windowsill
lit up by the face of a rising moon.



Mother Unchained

Mother frowns in her den,
as she plucks a lifeless hen,
Motherhood a task deplored,
by her wit, she swore to score.

Joy was driven, whisked afar,
by her tantrums, often called,
casting son behind his thumb
tilted laughter scarce and numb.

Action clustered mother's eyes,
worries barely rest conceived,
arms in movement always seemed,
fingers nibbled endless seams.

Mother, to her daughters four,
stay in line, rub that floor!
When her will, they dared ignore,
silent rage appeared to sore.

Yet to please, they did try,
scrubbed and cleaned,
rushed and beamed;
mother's day for them did count
mother dear, her girls did doubt.

Many years have come and been,
yet her pious temper steams,
now the daughters, only three
from the nest, each willed to flee.

From those walls, they did depart
many miles from her, they parked,
their fair scares so well disguised,
would a prize to them be wise?

In good time they hastily found
that gay laughter could be crowned
and delight be not a sin
but a partner held within.

Motherhood, they found a trace,
softer rules, new age space!
A quick cure for mother's pains,
this new mother is unchained.

Bent with age, dear mother sees
that quick anger need not be,
though each day a weight may bore
kick that shroud and love some more!

Hearts Of Steel

So small the child that hunger stains,
Its swollen pain for help extends,

persistent knocks on hearts of steel
calloused a pearly laughter peal.

Congested hurt glues cheeks
inflamed,
small arms stretch out
wild wails exclaim,
a question mark to minds well groomed?
An extinguished life,
a childhood doomed.

Corruption breeds, its branches wide
It hails and reaps,
outrageous rides,
contagion hides.

Upon silk sheets,
champagne it greets
the estate a village,
a local treat
In vain it seeks to death defeat,
ten lives compete.
An ageless whine, superbly poor,
Pale rhyme I fling, lacking contour,
to hearts of steel
I aim this tour
A coward's cure.

Mutating The Tamed

How do you decipher a code
that flutters and heeds not,
analysis of reason.

A season that chills,
burns like hot bricks,
torrents of blue wind
through branches evergreen.

Fragile, elusive, a seed in dismay,
gauche, naive, its husk in disarray.
The code is a source, a bird of prey,
quietly, daintily,
avoids blunt display.
Time's illusion,
dictator acclaimed, fusing,
mending, mutating the tamed.

Kinder times timidly appear.
The code unravelled, sharply reveals,
a willowy song, to me, unveils
truth of emotions so well sealed.

I call out....
a silent song I sing
of the expanding,
truth of life you bring.

Make Not Of Him Your Master

Make not of him your master,
for despair shall never leave,

A weak mind be not a foe,
but a hindrance time will show.

Yet you say with thought quite firm,
that he your master, is confirmed,

See you not as far as I,
6ft high he may pretend,
muscles tight and dimpled chin,
behind your back, a hopeless thing.

You evoke a time that's gone,
when our youth could fight the sun,
he then seemed, to you the one...
But those days are dust and none.

I could tell you tales of when,
good old times when we were ten,
upon clouds and seas that high
In our minds, we rode and sighed.

We lay breathless on the grass,
the horizon, ours to grasp,
dirty toes and eyes that glowed,
rumbling thunder ours to tow.

We have lived long, you and I,
If a fortnight be so called,
years have trampled heavy hoofs,
our horizon crushed with roofs.

But if such a spell is cast,
making mountains of the past,
to him, go then,
do encrust, half your heart
but I, your trust.

Dancing Monsoon

Red bougainvillea blossoms bleed
upon the massive green ocean.

Fish pout, silky frames
below showers of pulsing rain.

In the east, blue gray hills rise,
touching endless, roaring skies.

Orange windows wink wantonly,
hazy sparks seduce the vengeful
Pouncing wind.

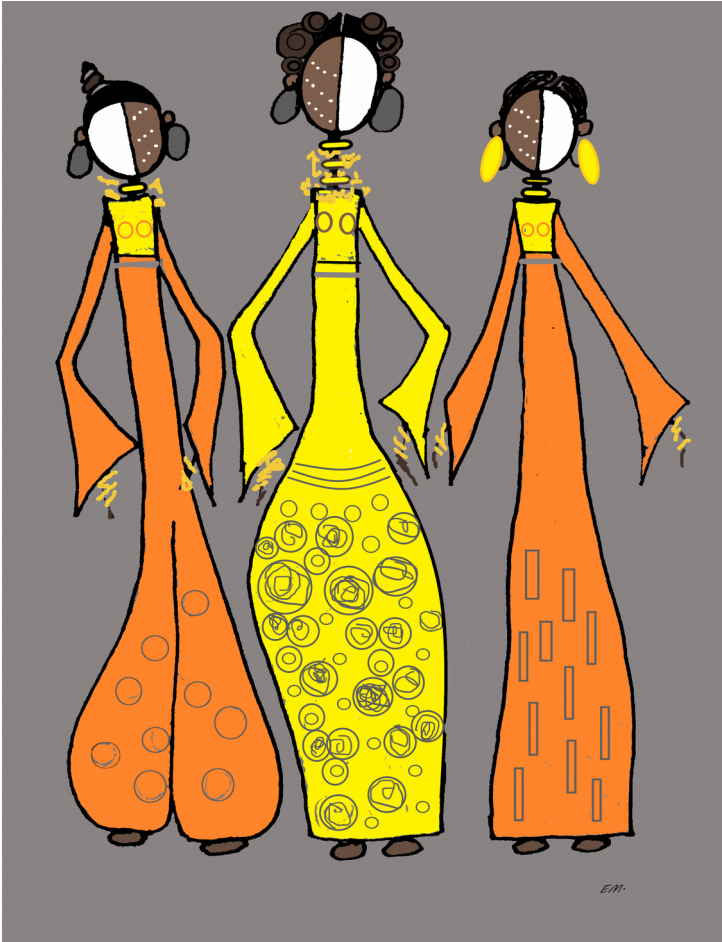
Draped in misery,
fragments of cowering drought disperse,
drowning in streams of corrupt erosion.

Bowing trees shed again their green youth
for the swirling, dancing Monsoon.

Kumbikumbi

A trunk powerfully ripples through the wet earth,
Thick fingers snake carelessly
Towards the trembling skies.
White flashes of silver light
Spear a dusty gray horizon.

Thunder bleeds, scorching wind and traveling seas.
Oceans stretch and the parched earth sips again
The spirit of life's resurrection.
Below the yawning stars,
A congregation of kumbikumbi
Swarm a lamp post,
Hailing a glowing synthetic moon.



Kalimba The Marimba

The kalimba's metallic tones
Bathed the air with bouquets of fragrant crystal,
The little wooden case, crowned with sun rays,
Hugged the coarse thumbs and bent knee
Of the disheveled worshiper.

His sightless gaze held firm in subtle trance,
His voice humbly escorted the passionate
Symphony his molding thumbs exalted.

The adorned kalimba vibrated,
Echoing tranquility to a contemporary,
Enchanted night.

Sighing Stream Of Silent Dreams

How shallow my precious spirit wades,
Drifting, seeking its river bed,
A sturdy raft could solace find
In my sighing stream of silent dreams.

A stronger current has it rode?
Winds of fury crudely old?

Yet a note, a whisper, calms it so,
A light, a voice, softly grows,
Transcending a dune in gold and prune,
Drums awake an ageless tune.

Darkness declines its sullen mood,
Surrenders with passion a glowing moon,
A crystal path forever new,
In my sighing stream of silent dreams.

Rhythm Flows Within

Rhythm flows within,
Tying song to my tuneless tongue.

Damp pastures release a path of purple moss,
Crouched leathery wings join me in song,

I dance a light step,
Small feet sweep the swirling ground,
The coarse, cotton hem gathers pale feathered petals,
Turquoise and velvety mauve.
An envelope of musky mist sprays an ancient fragrance
And time leaps no more.

An Orange moon lighting fuchsia skies,
Guides bewildered wandering eyes,
Rhythm flows within,
And nature ties a timeless tune
To a flowing song.

Corruption A Starter

Unity is framed, decorous remains,
mobility is yonder at bay,

trophies in tatters, corruption a starter,
the menu's a pricey gourmet.

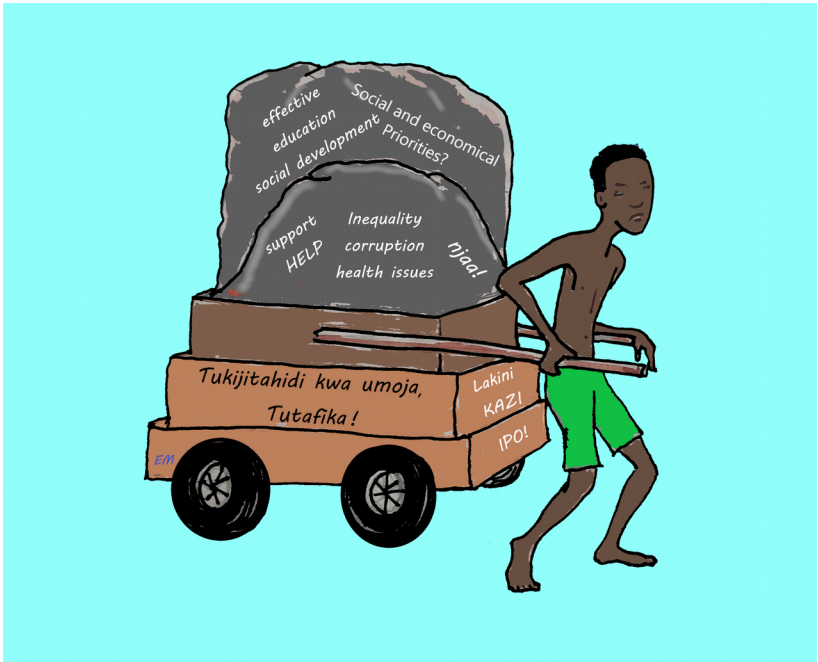
His narrow frame prematurely extends,
his neck a bow partakes,

a bubbly belly betrays a weary
intake of "de trop."

The culprit is cheered
with arrogance
detained,
his task a duty confirms?

With vehemence retained
as councillor acclaimed,
ignorance a status a trend?

All for him, and he for none
with flair, his fist proclaims.



Mkokoteni

“The meek shall inherit the earth.”
Though frail shoulders to massive burdens
remain chained.

The camel’s back once more the fatal straw must bear.
Meagre cattle, exempted from the polished
Bronze bell, graze melancholy
In scarce, scattered pastures.

To dark lips, the calabash of fresh milk
Is raised, a stretch of life is sealed,
empowered by the earth’s donations.

Terraces of coloured beads cuff
slender necks in motion,
earlobes strain to coppery loops,
their extension hangs low, an acknowledged
beauty burden.

Dances of dazzling heights,
solemn jingles suffuse the chanting night,
shaved scalps, smeared with animal sheen,
cradled infants on swaying slings.
The male dance, heaving chests reflect a lonely spear,
once cheered, now abandoned for city virtues.

Bare calloused feet, glistening deformed shoulders,
throb tarmac roads in Dar es Salaam.

The solicited earth,
fruit must up heave for the labourer's empty bowl,
then for a few, to slabs of feasting, his toil be sacrificed.

Fierce, agonized cries,
continue to cringe
clear blue skies.

Tradition And Taboo

She crowns a three-legged stool,
Her slender bronze shoulders droop,
Elegant long limbs cross at the ankle,
A fuse between black settlers
And bearded traders on camelback.
Her voice, a husky bass, low and sensual,
Words bring to life the staccato of the woman
Born of the Peul tribe.

Her womanhood exorcised in childhood, the breeze
of adolescence, stripped, dissipated, and hung to dry
As skins scraped for strenuous toil.

Her hands strain, emphasise,
tradition and taboo link her thin wrists
to dominant chains,
her finger points, accuses,
her pale palms meet and open in fervent indignation.
The “Grio” chants her lineage,
life wraps her in delicate fabrics,
turquoise and amber,
a rich tapestry,
woven in silent prayer.

Mwanamaji

Her fingers flex, curl and clasp,
Heave a bucket out of sight,
Way above, onto her crown,
Her bucket sits, its contents sound.

Tightly snug upon her crown
is twisted cotton in a coil,
upon this coil, her bucket weighs,
Its smiling handle music plays.

Her sturdy legs tread miles each day,
Her neck, a bucket, artfully sways.
Snaky paths she follows near,
Through a Rosebush, thorns she fears,

Up the hill and round the bend,
By the queue of waiting men,
Down a road that reeks of rubber,
Over bumps that make her stutter.

Mwanamaji's toil comes to a close,
Down, down, her bucket goes,
Drenched through her cornrows, sleek,
Her dress a tantrum she always seeks,
Slyly, with cunning,
to play she sneaks.

My Orange Cloud

The day is ajar, a yawning window
lets in the last fragments of summer.

A bright yellow stride stripped in white
illuminates my sombre chamber,
I gently sail upon an orange cloud.

The earth defuses pride
as my cloud gave birth to a multitude
of magical shapes floating in majestic skies.

A merry-go-round of paper dolls in a pink circle,
a puppy playing ball with a giant bear!
a captain waving goodbye.

Pale gaping roses in a sea of cotton candy,
a lullaby drifts where a suckling infant is nuzzled
by the chuckling sunlight.

Patches of light shyly remain on my ceiling as the
friendly mass of suspended matter,
slowly recedes into the distance.
My orange cloud disintegrates as it becomes
It's a travelling clan.

Krazeemen

The virus claimed a village clown,
“how so?” the “sane” demand,
swiftly shooed, through riddle and tools,
a youth named Krazymene.

An orator, he boomed and crackled,
slight, yet stout, he stood,
until a deed, ignored by all,
his reason shelter purged.

The village clown he then became,
a joyful one, they say,
long tales he poured to passing trains,
to plants and drenching rains.

He bellowed, loud, with twitched delight,
his feverish gaze ablaze,
a crowd he lulled with gestures bright,
his mind with ease displayed.

A virus drains the village trend,
It's lifeless nights suggest,
the graveyard gains its heart with speed
The living bear with dread.

The village clown paraded scars
his medals, oddly worn,
regalia rags, a sprint well stressed

a warrior, chief or guide.
His talent seeps,
freed from his chest,
the women shyly mourn,
abreast the men who scorned him crude,
together, they reside.

Indeed the virus swiftly claimed
the lives of countless men,
but till this day,
the village reaps
the tales of Krazeeme

The Virus Breeds

A cloud persists,
with ease it trespasses unsettled minds
draped in a mist of corroded sickness,
diffuses its presence in a macabre concert
of contorted tones.

Stagnant mossy green waters in slithering trenches,
active mutants prevail within,
life unfolds a thrashing, gnawing wrath.

Entwined bodies transmit in haste a viral host,
vital sap implants a deadly web in passive
populations, no longer at rest.

The virus breeds,
mankind beholds life's bleeding,
withering vein.

The Usambara Chain

The Grand Usambara Hills rise ahead,
Impassive, majestic, shading the pink sky
From its orange crown.

A vehicle consumes the meager interval
With rubbery haste.
Vivid planes stretch with bowed habitations,
dressed in seasoned bricks of red clay,

The Usambara Mountains claim the immediate horizon,
a vast cloud wades its immensity,
the wandering eye rests, quenching an unconscious thirst,
Humble minds behold with awe and gratitude.
The vast skies succumb
To this chain of velvet magnificence.

Waterfall of Words

Words, words, words,
Flow towards me, seduce irrevocably
The threshold of thoughts
Crowding my pulsing mind.

Woo them with the choreography of your whim,
The portrait unfolding, bid your will entwine
With measure.

A waterfall of porous graceful lips, skeletal
Chains that tug my very fiber,
A bow and arrow,
Strings on instruments so fine.
Loop and tie meaning to this flow,
This impatient pulse of mine.

When Words Perform

When words perform,
A flow of print unfolds.

They line in queue,
thus tales with flair are told.

Sales explode,
a thriller's wit is gold,

Creeps in a blank
A writer's mind
turned cold.



A Church Is Standing

A white canvas stands before me,
Unblinking, blinding,
Force demanding,
Spears of light form a fall,
Upon the face of twine expanding.

I stall excited, anticipating,
A throb, a train of thought commanding,

Acrylic tubes, mine eyes amuse,
Cobalt blues for skies transcending.

Will it be oceans that seek my plea?
A chapel crouching with trees
Outstanding,
Weeping willows, monks in green
Rings and loops of drooping candy,

Pointed bristles gathered clean,
A silent pallet with smears reminding,

My breath is held, the night is high,
I rest my brush,
A church is standing.

Let Verse Pretend

Let verse erupt, unveil our sighs,
Let verse betray what hides inside,
Let verse escort our treasured prize,
That which within us deep down lies.

Let verse pretend, exalt, transcend
Let us with art this pulse defend,
If love unfolds to one, in rhyme,
Many a soul with ease shall climb,

Poets have been before our time,
Kindled their verse for humankind,
Passion and flair were measured blind,
Novelty spoke and bore her kind;

Yes, with fierceness, they prevailed
Thus this day, their words, we sail,
Clever are those who quote with ground
Volumes bound, yet mother crowned.

A mighty heritage we evoke,
When with style our verse we stroke,
Brothers in verse, sisters in rhyme
I dare no further flake your time,
I close with soaring certitude,
Poetry pairs with solitude.

Creeping Dawn

Creeping dawn stalks leisurely,
The night gently fades into light.

A humid veil rejuvenates sprawling
Vegetation, tiny crawling life flickers
Frail, translucent wings.

Warm beds retain in vain their drowsy
Sleepers, reluctant, tangled limbs
imprison the storm of wrinkled sheets

Scents of a renewed day invade, uninvited,
Filling papery lungs with tantalizing vigour,

Dawn strolls away, bidding an airy farewell
to the forthcoming twinkling night.

Your Voice

Your voice, a constant singing
a flute that airs inside,

Your voice, far-stretching meadows
Where a nomad's pace resides.

Your voice, green silver waters,
Brave Ocean, old and wise,
Your voice, star-studded skylights
Where heartbeats fuse, then glide;

In your voice, the tide takes pleasure
As children seek and hide,
In your voice, the thumb I treasured
As an infant
Wrapped with pride.

In your voice, my favourite weather,
When jingles gold surprise,

In your voice, thatch roofs forever
Palm wreaths,
Red earth that dries.

Your voice, your voice, your voice,
Helpless parrot, she repeats!

Your voice remains my treat,
Till the clock within me sleeps.

Lily Bloom

Wilful Lily, Lily Bloom,
A time when years were young,
A time when youth were thine,

A young man with conviction,
A humble Song you sang,
Mountains you would gladly turn
Life was yours to mould or burn.

Gentle ways were his,
Politeness and concern,
He met a girl he meant to tame
He named her lily Bloom.
But she a might, a woman's shade,
With mist as guide, a maiden child
She saw in him a friend, a foe?
A man to trust? She knew not more.

In June, she grew, away she flew
Thus he remained with few petals,
A fling of dawn and misty dew,
His lily blue.

Wilful Lily, Lily Bloom
A time when years were young,
Between two pages, white and clean
Creased and frail, her scent prevails,
A time when youth was mine,
A blossom you refined.

The Homeless One That Sleeps

He moves around in circles
A name he never keeps
Harsh winters are spiked daggers
To the homeless man that sleeps.

While herds of heels float by him
Their nights a cry away
Their homes are warm and endless
In scents of rosy May

Come snow, he slowly staggers
As the flakes caress his feet,
The soars he wears within him
No doctor could delete.

The heavens are beneath him
He implores each night with fists,
An endless sagging stroll
Is the emptiness he sows.

Her senses have deceived her,
Her walk consists of fear,
Loud laughter hangs behind her,

The home she carries near,

A Mall hovers above her
Glass fangs echo her tears,
She runs within her shadow
It's light, a comfort near.

The dream she seeks is spinning
Her aim is to reveal,
A pool, a lake concealing
The silent song she hears,
Proclaiming to unveil
The closure of her fears.

Mistress of His Gowns

He bowed his mane upon her feet,
Placed her heel above his crown,
Declaring hence she owned his town
And reigned as mistress of his pounds.

With ruffled modesty, he then rose
Her pale fingers thus enclosed,
In a grip that spoke in prose,
As he kissed her on the nose.

He took a step towards his prey,
Who now blushed in hues of May,
As he closed in for the kill,
She poor dame ignored his skill.

Many years have gone and been,
Our pour maiden rust has seen,
Though she reigned upon his town
The only subjects were his gowns.

Apron strings, taught and frayed
Little hands, in turn, relayed,
“Mama, mama” was their cue,
Now they’ve flown, but papa’s due.

Gentle sobs like soap suds slide,

And her sorrow vainly hides,
A dear kiss upon the nose,
And that grip that spoke in prose.

For a Bantu Brother

My Bantu brother of lethal charm,
Your grace and beauty evoke no harm,
Your fierce devotion, may fights provoke,
For stagnant taboos, your sister's yoke.
With chapters revised and graduate gown,
Ignore a sister's well-earned crown.

A song of hope for the wife of your dreams,
A sister's love for a brother redeemed.

Your mother weeps
For the burdens she bears,
The community in parcels,
On frail shoulders, she wears,

Her womb ever taught
With our siblings, she shares,
She clings to fine dreams
That the rooster snares.

A song of hope for the wife of your dreams,
A sister's love for a brother redeemed.

Brother, behold Aisha,
The strength of your peers,
Contagious support,
An applause of loud cheer
To her, are long due

And perhaps, love sincere.
A song of hope for the wife of your dreams
A sister's love for a brother redeemed.

Pale Moons

Pale moons chiselled the essence
Of their last nights.

Now the hinges waver noisily
When the daylight's heavy shaft
Creases weary fragile lids.
Cloudy eyes trail windy scents,
Bygone fragrances laced with life's
Inevitable toll.

Youth submerged them in a pierced sieve,
While maturity's anvil propels
Contagious frustration.

Their profiles once radiated
An isolated moonlit night
And euphoria rode recklessly
The profusion of silvery light.

Reverie at Sea

The sun shyly hides between silky hills of cloud,
Thunder alerts fishermen at sea.
A distant dhow wets its pale belly
As men fling wide their knitted twine.

Silver waters flick blue and green,
The skies darken as clouds weep above the
Bubbling sea.

Dhow noses point towards yonder shores,
Drenched seamen tug and tow patched sails
Flapping angry, withered wings.

Bails of slithering, arching life
Exhale, joining in unison
The merciless food chain.

I close my eyes and bath in
Sheets of falling rain.



Song for Mzee Elias

Lengthy nights, while stars compete
The moon is high, and darkness creeps
Behind a desk, while others sleep,
Fresh guests, he treats.

His earnest ways, his prayers steep
He drifts to those whose faith is cheap
He folds his desk when daylight peeps,
Towards home, he leaps.

Bless this friend; with you, he's crowned,
His soul's at rest when church bells sound
His life I know, to thee, is bound,
A sheep you've found.

Rigid rules confine his stride,
Tied to a frame, his portrait find,
Swahili verse, his youth profound
In vain, he drowns.

When age reflects, when his temples frown,
His back is bent, his step unsound
These words remain, a token dear,
To ease a tear.

Brittle And Plain

The winds were kindness
My sails contracted,
I found green pastures
Brave nomads drafted,
With spirit and pride
Their cattle were crafted.

There was a chapel
Draped with years,
Onto its chipped bosom
Flew echoes and tears.

The benches warm statues,
Soft hymns did ensure,
A bird's nest that sheltered,
Congregated, contoured.

I then sailed further
My soles quite mature
Towards great expectations
Their science detours.

I need not set anchor
But push from these shores,
That glitter turns bitter,
Addictions procure.

The stars thought better
They pushed me ashore,
Acclaimed and marvelled
The arches and floors,

"Behold such wonders,
Historians quote,
Consider you're chosen
To dwell through its vaults."
The chapel is dismantled
A complex, claimed,
The Nomad is stagnant
His cattle, all slain.

Behind cool blinkers
Amongst speed and strain
I walk upon dry shells,
Brittle and plain.

My Clock is ticking

Ask me not of yesterday
Pale autumns, winters past
Summers short or stunted,
Rains that always last.
Deserts hail where rivers flowed

Hills and plains transformed,
For those requesting,
My Clock is ticking
Today, tonight will do.

Time is mine to savour
Appropriate with skill,
I will bind this present hour
This second to my thrill.

Perched upon my window
Life childishly vibrates,
I need to climb a mountain
To soar and seize my fate.
Ask me not of yesterday,
This day I must update.

For those requesting
My clock is ticking
Today, tonight will do.
The moon I challenge
Pour its light
And bathe my lashes blue,
This eve, this “now”
I celebrate, I’ll conquer
Or undo.

For Mandela Dance a Turn

Receive from me a token
A gift from you and I
A toast to cheer sincerely
A leader undefined;

A youth of stature, perfect,
Slim and dark you stood,
How long ago this portrait
That years dare not conclude.

Your land is vast and fertile,
joined by ocean moods,
its core holds clustered diamonds
Apartheid did abuse.

Blood and strength contained you,
Stains of pain and hate,
You rose and bid the madness
Return to hellish gates;

I thrive in lands of beauty
Where lakes and mountains flow,
Humanity has a birthmark,
at the threshold of our door.

Young maidens, you empowered
How long ago, it seems
Have mothered and are greying
Yet sew with care your dreams.

A pen fills empty spaces
Constructs and weaves its way
blank pages seek your wisdom
To truthfully display.

A warrior in his armour
Of hope for man today
A warrior who inspired,
That time will never stray.

Awake, Ô words assemble,
In his memory, dance a turn.

At Oyster Bay

An Ocean wave undresses before me,
Petticoats in an emerald of the darkest green,
My salted eyes sail her tremendous skirts
Towards a thunderous mirage,
over the horizon's spontaneous,
gorgeous frown.



Young Godi

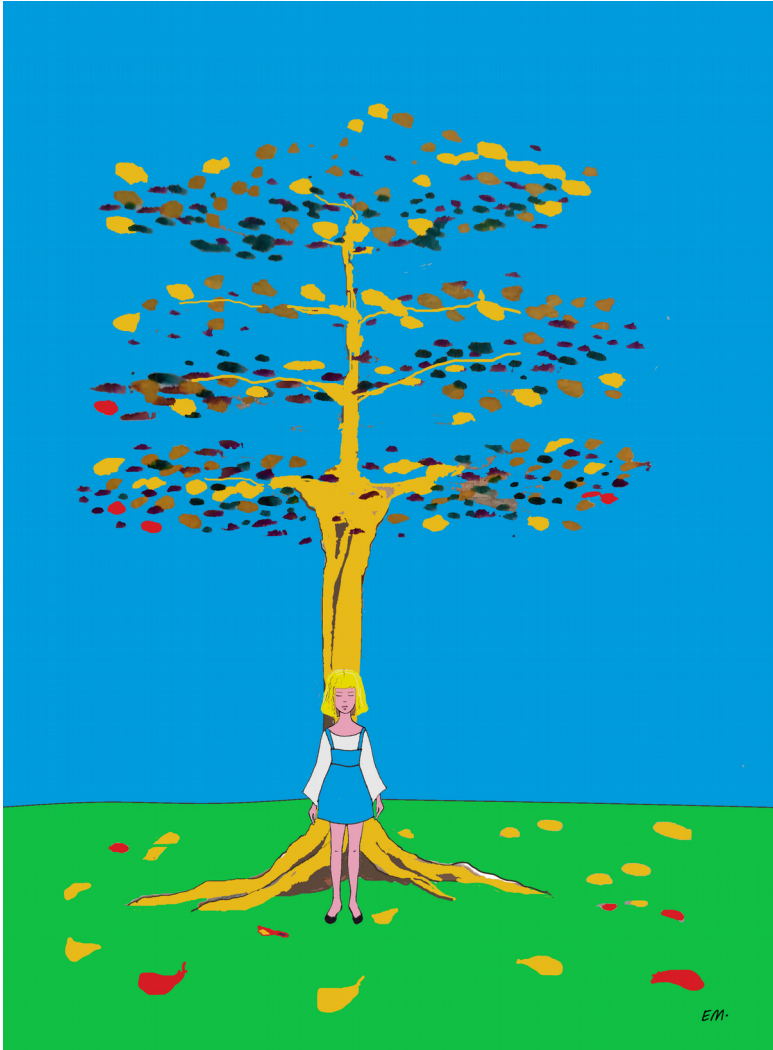
Godi was a sight to see
all feet and wobbly knees,
slightly bent and stooped his stride,
endless chores he tried;

Godi swept a sandy yard,
hens and ducks to feed,
bricks he carried to and fro
grounds he had to seed.

He'd hold his broom above his head
see himself that tall,
behind the wheel,
seated high, a 4-wheel drive,
the widest kind
purring engine,
shaded blinds,
he'd ride for miles and miles,
this dream kept Godi's mind.

Another day, he stretched to size,
his guinea fowl, a dotted prize,
flew off, now gone
a daring slide, the fateful kind.

Young Godi lifts his broom up high,
his dotted bird is perched beside
speeding fast beyond the hills,
he'd drive for miles and miles
to freedom just to hide.



Bronze Tears For The Monsoon

She crouched in the shade
Under the Mkungu as it shed,
Bronze tears for the Monsoon.

She sat in the shade,
By the Mkungu as it shed,
Red tears for the Monsoon.

She stood under the shade,
Hugging the Mkungu as it shed,
Purple tears for the Monsoon.

The Mango Tree

Blades of grass shrug
At the baking sun.

The mango tree blares
With budding signs.

Red Ochre

A clothesline decked with colourful pegs,
Potted plants in a row.

Velvety leaves lace flowers in pink,
Porcelain and satin to throw.

Linen in lavender, suits of silk,
Wooden polished floors,
Walls in cream and windows beam
Plus, so much, so much more.

Ocher-red trampled earth,
Slits, where no eye should go,
A rusted tin holds tufts of green,
A cracked transparent door.

A well-betrothed to drought each year,
Graves when birthdays should be,
A heap of waste keeps stray dogs gaunt,
A circus will never see.

White-washed walls, brittle and flaky
Must all weather tame.
Infected dice, neglected rights,
Sickness and hunger will claim.

Anonymous

A cry for help, a need to be,
Solace calmly denied.

An empty hand in time in space,
A roof too precious to own.

Faithful limbs scramble countless.
Miles, a medal shall never possess.

A single thought, a need to be,
Is it too rich a wish?
When nature quakes and ceilings
Fold the rubble a grave will make.



Plastic Bags

The land is aching with plastic bags,
Blue patches belching in oily rags,

The soil is itching when tightly gagged,
Our wastes are endless
How awfully sad.

Mwalimu/ Teacher

A teacher flaps with skill
wide woven wings.

The learners quickly sail
on wilder winds.

